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THE

HISTORY OF

CHARLES JONES,

The FOOTMAN;

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PHILADELPHIA:

[PRIN]TED BY B. & J. JOHNSON, NO. 147,
HIGH-STREET.

1800.

The HISTORY, &c.

Y Father, George Jones, commonly called Black George, on account of his ſwarthy complexion, was f the moſt induſtrious men in the village. His cottage, which was wn, and partly built by his own , ſtands on the Common, about a s caſt from the road, near the Oak tree, in the pariſh of King's eton, in Somerſetſhire. The Lord Manor having granted him leave loſe a bit of the common for a gar- ny father had got a thriving young d and a long ſtrip of potatoes, be- his cottage, all the produce of his

own induſtry. It uſed to be a favou
ſaying with him, that no man, to wh
God had given two hands, had ever n
to want. "For my part," ſays he,
never knew what want was. Wh
am ſick, the club ſupports me;
when I am well, I warrant I'll ſup
myſelf." My mother, beſides b
equally induſtrious, was much mor
ligious, and therefore much hap
She was as good and as ſweet-temp
a woman as any in the world, be
next where ſhe will. For conſtanc
her place of worſhip, civility to
neighbours, cleanlineſs in her own
ſon, her houſe and her children, ſhe
not her fellow. But the moſt rem
ble thing in her (I am afraid a ver
common thing) was her ſteady an
interrupted practice of family pr
It muſt have been a hard days wo
deed that hindered her from her pra
At ſix in the morning and eight i
evening, as regularly as ever the
came, ſhe always knelt down wit
children round her, four of us, and
with great ſolemnity and devot

rt form given her by the clergyman, ich concluded with the Lord's prayer, which we all joined. And ſhe uſed ſay after ſhe had finiſhed—"Now I go to bed or to work, in peace; for we may hope God will protect us." m ſorry to ſay my father ſeldom join- with us. He uſed to pretend he was y or tired; and yet it would not have ained him long neither, for we were er more than ſix minutes about, and ly twelve minutes a day, ſix in the rning and ſix in the evening, is no at time to give to God. One thing often ſtruck me, that if any thing nt wrong and ruffled my dear mo- r's temper, or made her uneaſy, the yers ſeemed to ſet it all to rights. en ſhe had been to prayers, all her f ſeemed to be fled away. And in- d I obſerved the ſame thing with re- ct to my father; if he ever did join h us, it always ſeemed ſomehow to mpoſe and ſweeten his mind, and ke him a great deal kinder to my mo- r and us.

As my father and mother were very induſtrious themſelves, they were very deſirous to make their children ſo; every child was employed as ſoon as he was able in ſomething or other. At about thirteen years of age my employment had been for ſome time to weed in the parſon's garden and run of errands for him. At fourteen he took me into his houſe, and not a little proud was I at obtaining the title of his "little footman." The morning I left my father's cottage, my dear mother, who was as kind as ſhe was good, appeared to be very much affected; ſhe ſaid ſhe could not commit me to the wide world, without firſt committing me to God who governed it; and then ſhe knelt down with me by her ſide, and prayed, "Gracious Lord, be pleaſed to have mercy on my dear boy. To thy care I commend him. Guard him I beſeech thee, in the many temptations which he is now beginning to encounter. May he with ſolid piety and honeſt diligence do his duty in that ſtate of life in which it hath pleaſed thee to place him." She then gave me her

bleſſing, put a Teſtament into my pocket, bid me fear God, and always act for my maſter as I would do for myſelf.

In my new ſituation there were to be ſure ſome few things diſagreeable. My miſtreſs was peeviſh, and fretful; the cook violent and paſſionate. But what ſervice is there, or indeed, what ſituation in life, howoever much above ſervitude, in which there is not ſomething unpleaſant. Every ſtate has it's trials: ſervants have theirs: but if they can. not learn to put up with ſome little inconveniences, they may change their places every year of their lives, and never be ſatisfied after all. This is a leſſon I have learnt by long experience.

Though by God's bleſſing I had received a more religious education than moſt children, it yet ſoon appeared that I had many faults, which it was neceſſary for me to be corrected of before I could become a good ſervant. At firſt, when I was ſent upon an errand, I was much given to loitering. I was then

too young to conſider that by loitering in errands I was waſting what was not my own, my maſter's time. Beſides this fault, as every thing which I ſaw and heard in my maſter's houſe was ſuch as I had never ſeen and heard before, I was too apt to talk of it to my old play-fellows, or at the village ſhop, But as ſoon as ever I became a little older, I began to reflect that this was very wrong. One Sunday evening, when I had leave to go home to ſee my parents, I was beginning to tell my mother how there had been a great uproar at the parſonage the day before about——. Here ſhe put her hands upon my lips, and ſaid, "Charles, not a word more of what has paſſed at the parſonage. Whatſoever happens in yonr maſter's houſe is never to be ſpoken of out of your maſter's doors. A tale-bearing ſervant is always an unfaithful ſervant; he betrays the truſt which his maſter puts in him,"

My mother's vehemence ſurprized me a little, but it made ſo much impreſ-

ſion upon me, that I was pretty well broken of the fault from that very time, into how many ſcrapes has this talkative temper brought many ſervants of my acquaintance! There was poor Nic. Jarret, the Squire's under footman, that loſt his place, a new ſuit of black broad cloth, and a legacy of five pounds, which he would ſoon have had by reaſon of his maſter's death, only for ſaying at a neighbour's houſe, that his miſtreſs ſometimes fell aſleep while the Squire was reading to the family on a Sunday night.

Nic. and I were at one time rather too intimate; I remember one day, when I was about ſixteen, having attended my maſter to the Squire's houſe, Nic. prevailed on me after dinner to play with him at pitch and toſs. I was worth at that time five ſhillings and two-pence, more money than I had ever poſſeſſed before in my life. In about two hours Nic. reduced me to my laſt ſhilling. But though it was a heavy ſtroke at the time, yet it proved in the end a happy

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event, for, by my mother's perſuaſions, I reſolved thenceforward never to game again as long as I lived, which reſolution, by God's grace, I have hitherto happily kept. I wiſh from my heart that all other ſervants would reſolve the ſame. The practice of card-playing, ſo common amongſt ſervants in large families, is the worſt cuſtom they can poſſibly fall into. My poor brother Tom ſuffered enough for it. One day, having received in the morning a quarter's wages, he loſt the whole of it before night at All fours; and what was the conſequence? Why, from that very time, he took to thoſe practices of cheating his maſter which ended in his ruin. How much better would it be for all ſervants, if inſtead of waſting their time in card playing, they would amuſe themſelves in reading ſome godly book, or improve themſelves in writing or cyphering. It was by this means, for I was never taught to write, that I qualified myſelf for the place of Bailiff which I now fill.

I remember Nic. uſed to ſay, "Whilſt my maſter plays cards in the parlour, why ſhouldſt thou be ſo ſqueamiſh as not to play in the kitchen." But Nic. did not conſider that his maſter being rich, and playing for ſmall ſums, his loſſes laid him under no temptation of diſhoneſty in order to repair them; beſides, the Squire could read and write at any time, whereas this was our only leiſure time, and if we did not improve ourſelves then we never could; what might be comparatively innocent in him, might be ruinous to us. And even if my maſter be a profeſſed gambler that is no reaſon I ſhould be ſo too. A ſervant is to do what is right, let his maſter do what he will. If a maſter ſwears and gets drunk, and talks at table with indecency, or againſt God and religion, to God he muſt account for it, and a ſorry account it will be I doubt; but his example will not excuſe our crimes, though it will aggravate his. We muſt take care of our own ſouls, whether our maſters take care of theirs or not.

But to return to my hiſtory; I am aſhamed to ſay that I was guilty more than once in the earlier part of my ſervitude, of the ſhocking and deteſtable crime of lying, in order to excuſe or ſcreen my faults. Happily I was cured of it in the following manner: Having been one day ordered to carry a bottle of wine to a ſick man, one of my maſter's pariſhioners, I accidentally broke the bottle, and of courſe loſt the wine. What was to be done? Should I confeſs my misfortune and acknowledge my careleſſneſs, or conceal it by a lie? After ſome deliberation, I reſolved upon the lie. I therefore had made up my ſtory, "how the poor man ſent his duty to my maſter and thanked him a thouſand times, and that he was a little better, and that his wife ſaid ſhe thought this wine would ſave his life. Being thus prepared, as I was returning home, I met a pedlar, of whom I bought for a penny a little book, containing a ſtory of a woman at Devizes, who was ſtruck dead on the ſpot for telling a lie. To be ſure it was heaven that ſent the Ped-

lar to me to ſave me from the ſin I was going to commit. "If this woman was ſtruck dead for a lie," ſaid I to myſelf, "why may not I?" I therefore went directly home, and made a confeſſion of my negligence and misfortune. And it was well for me I did; for the ſick man, whoſe duty and thanks I had wickedly intended to carry to my maſter, was dead, as I underſtood afterwards, three hours before the bottle was broken. From this time, therefore, I began to ſee, what I am now fully convinced of, that beſide the ſinfulneſs of lying, it was always more for the intereſt and laſting comfort of ſervants to confeſs the truth at once, than to conceal a fault by falſehood. When a ſervant has told a lie, he is always in danger of it's being found out, and ſooner or later it generally is found out, and then his character is ruined. Whereas, if he confeſſes the truth at once, he probably eſcapes without any anger at all, or at worſt it is ſoon over, and the fault itſelf is forgotten.

Having now lived ſeven years at the parſonage, and being twenty-one years of age, my maſter called me one day into his ſtudy, where he ſpent a good deal of his time, and ſaid to me, "Charles, you have lived with me a conſiderable time, and it has been always with much pleaſure that I have remarked the decency, ſobriety and diligence of your conduct. Thoſe few faults which you have, farther experience and more years will, I doubt not, cure. You are now qualified for a better place than mine, and are entitled to higher wages than it is in my power to give. I have, therefore recommended you to a friend of mine in London, for which place you are to ſet out if you approve it, in a month. But I ſhould think it a crime to diſmiſs you to a ſituation ſo full of temptations, without giving you ſome little advice. Liſten, therefore, my dear Charles, to what I ſhall ſay, as I mean it only for your good. In the firſt place, fear God; and then you will never have any occaſion to be

afraid of man. Act always as in his preſence. Never enter or quit your bed without prayer. Do always for your maſter, as you would your maſter, if you were to change places, ſhould do for you. Endeavour to get a pious friend, but avoid, as you would the plague, all wicked company. Be cautious of too great familiarity with your female fellow-ſervants; an unlawful intercourſe of this kind will ruin you, body and ſoul. Flee from an alehouſe as you would from the Devil; if you once get into it, you will never be out of it. Keep your money, and your money will keep you Here, Charles, is a Bible for you: the more you read it, the more you will love it: and the more you love it, the better you will be, and the happier. I have written ſome directious for you in the firſt page of it. God bleſs you; and when my race, which is now drawing to it's end, ſhall finiſh, may we meet in heaven." My maſter's kindneſs ſo affected me, that I could not anſwer him for tears. I was indeed very glad of going to ſo fine a

place as London, though at the ſame time I could not leave a houſe where I had been treated more like a child than a ſervant without great regret. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe my parting with my mother. No deſcription, I am ſure, could do juſtice to the ſolemn and affectionate manner in which ſhe exhorted me to be pious and juſt, and recommended me to God in prayer. Her laſt words I ſhall never forget.—" I know, my dear ſon," ſaid ſhe, " that you love me tenderly, and that you would not give me unneceſſary pain on any account. Remember then that whenever you do any wrong thing, you are planting a dagger in your mother's heart." With theſe words, her eyes brim full of tears, and her hands lifted up in ſilent prayer to God, ſhe turned away from me and went into the cottage.

And now, Reader, you find me in the great and dangerous city of London, in the ſervice of a very wealthy maſter, who kept twelve ſervants, beſides myſelf. If country people knew London as

well as I do, how cautious they would be of exchanging their ſafe and peaceful ſituations in the country for the peril and temptations of a great city. How many young fellows have I known, who lived honeſtly and happily in their native place, come up to London in the hope of higher wages, and there forfeit their integrity, their peace of mind, their health, their character and ſouls. Workmen in particular are very fond of getting into large cities, becauſe they think their labour will turn to better account there than in their own villages. They do not conſider that in a city, they muſt give as much for a filthy room in a filthy houſe, inhabited by half a dozen families, ſituated in a cloſe, ſmokey, dirty ſtreet, as in the country would pay the rent of a cottage and a garden. They do not conſider the dearneſs of proviſions in a city, the temptations they are under from bad women, wicked company, and the great number of alehouſes. In ſhort, I am fully perſuaded that a labourer in the country, on a ſhilling a day, is better off than one in a city on two ſhillings.

When I came to my place, I found every thing for the firſt three or four days very ſmooth and very pleaſant, plenty of proviſions, plenty of drink, little work and a very merry ſervants' hall. But ſoon the face of things, with reſpect to me, changed very much, and I underwent a ſeverer temptation than I ever experienced before or ſince in the whole courſe of my life. I had always hitherto been taught to conſider that ſobriety, and diligence, and piety were virtues. I therefore never ſwore, I never got drunk, I never gamed, I went to church as often as I could, I ſaid my prayers night and morning, and on Sunday at leaſt, if not on other days, I read a little in my good old maſter's Bible. But here I ſoon found that all this was the worſt vice I could be guilty of. As ſoon as they found me out, it ſeemed to be a trial of ſkill amongſt them who ſhould plague me moſt. One called me the Parſon; another, Methodiſt; a third, a conceited Prig; a fourth a canting Hypocrite. If I went into any other gentleman's kitchen it was all

the ſame; my character always flew before me, and many were the jeſts and laughs raiſed both at home and abroad at my expence. In ſhort, during three months, my life was a conſtant ſtate of anxiety and torment; ſo that at laſt I was almoſt tempted, God forgive me for the thought, to do as they did, and forfeit my everlaſting ſoul in order to avoid the preſent uneaſineſs. But while things were in this ſtate, I felt myſelf greatly and unexpectedly relieved one Sunday morning, by a ſermon which I happened to hear from our pariſh miniſter, on the following text—"Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall revile you and perſecute you, and ſhall ſay all manner of evil of you *falsely* for my ſake, for great is your reward in heaven." The excellent diſcourſe which this pious man delivered on theſe words was ſo exactly ſuited to my circumſtances and feelings, that it ſeemed as if it had been addreſſed ſolely to me; and it pleaſed God ſo to apply what had been ſaid to my heart and underſtanding, that I not only determined to bear in *future* the

ſneers and ſcoffs of my fellow ſervants with patience and fortitude, but even thoſe very ſneers which I formerly conſidered as my heavieſt calamity, were now no longer grievous. From this time, therefore, my uneaſineſs was pretty well at an end. And I earneſtly recommend it to all other ſervants, who have been ſo happy as to acquire ſober and virtuous habits, not to ſuffer themſelves to be laughed out of their ſobriety and virtue by the jeſts and ridicule of their fellow ſervants. They may depend upon it that their cauſe is a good one, and though they ſuffer for it at firſt, they will finally triumph. In a ſhort time all my perſecution was at an end. "To be ſure," ſaid the coachman to the cook, "Charles is a little too religious, but upon my word I dont think he is the worſe for it. Mayhap it might be better for us if we were more like him. I don't ſee but that he is as humble, friendly, and worthy a fellow as any amongſt us. For my part I ſhall laugh at him no longer." This ſpeech, which I happened accidentally to overhear,

gave me great pleaſure, and I ſoon found by the agreeable change in my fellow ſervants' conduct towards me, that the coachman had expreſſed the opinion of the whole hall. It is true I did every thing to obtain their good-will that lay in my power. I was as civil and obliging to every one among them as I poſſibly could. Was any thing to be done? If nobody elſe would do it, I never ſtopped to conſider whether it belonged to my place or not, but did it out of hand. If any body took it into his head to fall out with me, I generally diſarmed him of his wrath by ſaying nothing. If any little quarrels or misfortunes, or miſconduct happened in the hall, I always endeavoured to huſh it up, and never carried any tales to the maſter, unleſs when I ſaw any body wronging him, and then I thought it my duty, or unleſs the thing was very bad indeed. In ſhort, by purſuing always this line of conduct, I found my ſituation very comfortable and agreeable. My maſter treated me with great confidence and

kindneſs; my fellow ſervants with great friendlineſs and reſpect.

In about two years time, the footman that uſed to go to market being turned away for drunkenneſs, which vice ſoon proved his ruin, my maſter told me, that as he believed I was an honeſt and careful young man, and perceiving that I could write and keep an account, he ſhould, in future, employ me in marketing. To market, therefore, I went every day; and as I had now a good deal of my maſter's money always in my hands, I prayed heartily to God that he would be pleaſed to preſerve me under the temptation to which this expoſed me. My firſt exploit in this way was the purchaſe of ten ſhillings worth of fruit at a fruiterers's. When I had finiſhed my bargain, and was coming out of the ſhop the fruiterer ſlipped a ſhilling into my hand. As I had never, to the beſt of my recollection, ſeen him before, I was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at his generoſity; but fortunately had the preſence of mind to aſk him whether he had charged his

fruit the higher on account of this preſent to me. 'Why, young man,' ſaid he, 'that is an honeſt queſtion, and I will give you an honeſt anſwer. The fact is, that as we know that gentleman of your cloth, expect ſome compliment from the tradeſman they deal with, we are obliged in our own defence, to charge our articles the higher on that account to their maſters.' 'And ſo,' ſaid I, 'the money you give us, comes finally from the pockets of our maſters?' 'To be ſure it does.' 'Why then,' ſaid I, 'I will take your ſhilling, but ſhall charge my maſter only nine ſhillings.' And this method I conſtantly purſued in the like caſe ever after; for I think the above-mentioned practice of footmen, which, however, I hope, is not very common with them, is juſt the ſame thing in conſcience as if they ſhould rob their maſter's bureau.

One Monday morning, having ſettled my account for the laſt week with my maſter, I found he had made a miſtake againſt himſelf of twenty ſhillings. As ſoon as I diſcovered it, I ſaid to myſelf,

here now is an opportunity of getting twenty ſhillings without any riſk or detection; but God forbid that I ſhould do it, as it would ruin my peace of mind, and deſtroy my ſoul. I therefore pointed out the error to my maſter the firſt opportunity.—"Charles," ſaid he, "you are right, the miſtake is obvious, I acknowledge I made it purpoſely to try your honeſty. You ſhall find that this affair will turn out, before long to your advantage." Now, though I do not think it quite fair for maſters to lay this kind of trap for their ſervants' integrity, yet as I know by experience they ſometimes do it, we muſt be doubly on our guard. Indeed, diſhoneſty is never ſafe. It always will out ſomehow or other. I have ſeen ſurprizing inſtances of the diſcovery of it, when it ſeemed to have been committed with ſuch cunning as to be impoſſible to be detected.

One day, as I was going to market, I met Sir Robert S's butler, who told me, that having long obſerved my ſobriety and diligence, he was happy to have it

now in his power to offer me a place in his maſter's family, where my wages would be raiſed two guineas a year. I thanked him, and told him he ſhould have his anſwer next evening. In the mean time, I called upon a pious and worthy friend, whom I conſulted in all difficulties, and aſked his opinion. After mature deliberation, he ſaid, "Charles, don't go. When you are once got into a good place, ſtick to it like a leech. The rolling ſtone gets no moſs, The more years you continue in one ſervice, the more you are reſpected by your maſter and all the world. A good family conſiders an old ſervant as one of themſelves, and can no more ſee him want than a near relation. Whereas ſervants that are continually roving from place to place, have no friend in diſtreſs, and ſeldom get a proviſion for old age." Happy it was for me that I followed this good advice. If I had not, I ſhould probably have been nothing more than a poor footman all my life.

But before I bring my own ſtory to

an end, I muſt beg my reader's patience, to liſten to the ſad fate of my poor brother Tom. Alas! poor Tom, he was a great favourite in our kitchen, becauſe he ſung the beſt ſong, and told the merrieſt tale, and paid his card money the moſt freely of any gentleman footman about town. And then he ſwore ſo much like a gentleman, and was ſo complaiſant to the ladies, and puſhed about the ſtrong beer ſo merrily, that he was, ſaid our ſervants, the moſt agreeable company in the world. And yet all theſe entertaining qualities did not preſerve my poor brother from the moſt dreadful ſtate of diſtreſs and ruin. One morning he came to me about ten o'clock with a very woeful face, which was a thing very unuſual for him, and told me that he had been turned away from his place without a character, that he had no money, many debts, and no *real* friends, and what was worſe than all, that he was labouring under diſeaſe.

Tom grew worſe every day, and was at length given over. In the morning

of that day, while I was ſitting at his bedſide, who ſhould come in but my dear mother. She had walked 130 miles except now and then a lift in the waggon, to attend upon and comfort her undeſerving ſon. When ſhe ſaw him pale and emaciated, and his face, half conſumed by diſeaſe, it ſo ſhocked her, that ſhe fainted away. As ſoon as ſhe recovered, and was a little relieved by a plentiful flood of tears, ſhe ſaid, "my dear Tom, I am come to take care of thee and make thee better if I can." "Alas! mother," anſwered he, putting his clay-cold hand into her's "it is all too late, I have but a few hours to live. It is by neglecting your advice that I am brought to this. Gaming, and drink, and bad company, and bad women have been my ruin. O! what will become of my ſoul! If I could but live my life over again—— Here he was ſeized with a ſudden fit, and though he lived ſome hours, he never ſpoke after, and died that evening in my mother's arms.

After recounting the ſorrowful hiſtory

of my unhappy brother, I muſt now haſten to conclude my own. About a twelvemonth after the offer of a place in Sir Robert S—'s family, my maſter, in conſideration, as he ſaid, of my faithful ſervices, made me his butler. He was indeed ſo kind and friendly to me on all occaſions, that I found it neceſſary to be extremely cautious leſt I ſhould grow proud, or ſaucy, or familiar, which ſome ſervants, when they have lived long in a place, and find themſelves in favour, are apt to do. After enjoying this poſt about ſix years, our family being now removed into the country, I made acquaintance with a farmer's daughter living near the great houſe, whom, on account of her religious and induſtrious principles, and her amiable and cheerful temper, I wiſhed to make my wife. She was no flaunter in fine clothes, none of your dancing, flirting laſſes, that run about to chriſtenings, and revels, and hops, that will ruin a man before he knows where he is; but a pious, ſober, ſtay-at-home, modeſt young woman; elſe I am ſure any body might have had her for me.

As I had never been guilty of any unneceſſary expence, (for nobody will call that unneceſſary which I ſent yearly to my parents), my ſavings, the intereſt being added yearly to the principal in the hands of my maſter, amounted to two hundred pounds. And, as Fanny's father promiſed to give her another hundred, I thought we might with this take a ſmall farm, and maintain ourſelves comfortably and decently. I therefore commuicated the affair to my maſter. 'Charles,' ſaid he, though I am loth to part with ſo good a ſervant, yet I think it an act of gratitude due to you for your long and faithful ſervices, to conſent readily to any thing which may be for your welfare. But I do not think it neceſſary for us to part at all. I am at preſent in want of a bailiff; you may, if you approve it, undertake that office, and ſtill retain your preſent wages. Your father-in-law, who is an experienced farmer, will inſtruct and aſſiſt you in the duties of it. I will, beſides, let you a ſmall farm on an advantageous leaſe, which you may make the moſt of for yourſelf.'

To this kind and generous offer I joyfully aſſented. And Fanny and myſelf have now lived together ſix years in the farm-houſe near the Park gate, happy and proſperous. My father being dead, and my brother and ſiſter ſettled, my mother, who is now very old, lives with me; and, by her example and exhortation, I find a ſenſe of religion ſink deeper and deeper into my ſoul every day; and, indeed, I am firmly convinced by long experience, that there is nothing in this world can make us truly happy but that.

I addreſs this little book, which I wrote by little and little in the long evenings of the laſt hard winter, to all footmen. I hope they will not be angry with my well-meant endeavours, but take kindly what is intended only for their good.

VERSES

supposed to be written by

ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

During his solitary abode in the island of Juan Fernandez.

I am monarch of all I ſurvey,
My right there is none to diſpute;
From the centre all round to the ſea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh Solitude, where are the charms,
That ſages have ſeen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midſt of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I muſt finiſh my journey alone;
Never hear the ſweet muſic of ſpeech;
I ſtart at the ſound of my own.
The beaſts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference ſee;
They are ſo unacquainted with man,
Their tameneſs is ſhocking to me.

Society, friendſhip, and love,
  Divinely beſtowed upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
  How ſoon would I taſte you again!
My ſorrows I then might aſſuage
  In the ways of Religion and Truth;
Might learn from the wiſdom of age,
  And be cheer'd by the ſallies of youth.

Religion! what treaſure untold
  Reſides in that heav'nly word!
More precious than ſilver or gold,
  Or all that this earth can afford.
But the ſound of the church going bell
  Theſe vallies and rocks never heard;
Ne'er ſigh'd at the ſound of a knell,
  Or ſmil'd when a ſabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your ſport,
  Convey to this deſolate ſhore,
Some cordial endearing report
  Of a land I ſhall viſit no more.
My friends, do they now and then ſend,
  A wiſh or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
  Though a friend I am never to ſee.

How fleet is a glance of the Mind!
Compar'd with the ſpeed of it's flight,
The tempeſt itſelf lags behind,
And the ſwift-wing'd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I ſeem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to deſpair.

But the ſea-fowl is gone to her neſt,
The beaſt is laid down in his lair;
Ev'n here is a ſeaſon of reſt,
And I to my cabbin repair.
There's mercy in every place;
And mercy—encouraging thought!
Gives even Affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

AN

ODE to CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
O ſeldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole
Can e'er diſturb thy halcyon ſoul,
And ſmooth unalter'd brow.

O Come, in ſimpleſt veſt array'd,
With all thy ſober cheer diſplay'd,
To bleſs my longing ſight;
Thy mein compos'd thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaſte ſubdu'd delight.

No more by varying paſſions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in ſome pure and equal ſky,
Beneath thy ſoft indulgent eye,
The modeſt Virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic veſt,
And Innocence, with candid breaſt,
And clear undaunted eye;
And hope who points to diſtant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
A viſta to the ſky.

There Health, thro' whoſe calm boſom [glide
The temperate Joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow:
And Patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild unvarying cheek,
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A tyrant maſter's wanton rage,
With ſettled ſmiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſs'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, Oh Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy tender tale;
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe and violet bloſſom round,
And lilly of the vale.

O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chooſe to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle ſway!
When Autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder day?

When Eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
Thy balmy ſpirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry ſtorm is laid?
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
O let me hear thy ſoothing voice,
Low whiſ'pring through the ſhade.

☞ Next week will be publiſhed, ſome New Thoughts for the New Year.